

Sketch

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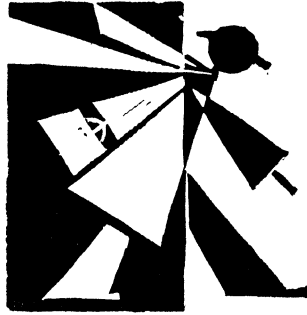
Article 16

Haste

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HASTE

By Charles Reynolds, '37

"TAKE your bags, boss?" asked the red-cap as we hustled into the North Western Station in Chicago.

"Yeah, put them on coach six of the City of Denver, seats 15 and 16," we ordered as we dashed away to the ticket windows. Thirty minutes, we figured, was just time enough to buy tickets, eat a bite of supper, and still make the train. Somehow we didn't figure right.

Our heels beat out a sharp symphony of clicks across the long, resounding stone floor of the depot. People looked up with a "wonder where the fire is" glance. A five-minute wait at the ticket window made us realize that time was fleeting and that something ought to be done about clerks who take so long to find out the rate from Chicago to Boone. "The streamliner doesn't stop at Ames," he informed us haughtily.

The little waitress at the counter in the grill received our appreciation as far as looks went, but certainly not for service. Five minutes remained out of thirty when we left the lunch room with one arm in our coats and egg salad sandwich still showing in patches around our lips. Again we crossed the long hall, again our heels brought glances of consternation from those gifted with the trait of curiosity, and again we looked at our watches to see that we had just one minute until six-twenty.

March, 1937

WE BROKE into a trot as we came abreast of the observation car and learned that car six was down the line a block or so. Porters were slamming doors shut, and conductors were signaling ahead to their brothers in blue. Trot gave way to canter, and canter to gallop, and two frantic boys rushed through a hailstorm of rice being donated by a wedding party to a couple of newlyweds safely inside the car.

By common, unvoiced consent we pulled up puffing at car five and ordered the porter in no uncertain terms to open up. He did open the door, but try as he might, he couldn't let the steps down. A whistle tooted up ahead, and the City of Denver started to get under way. So did we. As it started we swung up on to the car platform, past the protesting porter, and into the car. The last posts of the station flashed by as we stood there catching our breaths and wondering.

They Also Serve

By Maurice J. Kirby, '37



IT WAS a flat piece of prairie, with vague, low hills somewhere to the west, and an electric railroad running straight through the center, each regular step marked by a sentinel trolley pole. At no particular place there was a siding, and a row of trolley poles left the main line and ran off into a field. A switch lamp clung to its slender stand beside the track there, burning quietly and constantly, day after day, night after night, like a vigil light to an iron god. It was a frugal flame; all that it asked was a little oil and a new wick now and then, and it was content. It did not even send up a plume of smoke to advertise its existence.